

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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CRUELTY IS CHEAP TODAY

What is This That is Being Done in Your Name?

THERE is enough cruelty in the world today, God knows. Never was an age in which so much suffering was inflicted on the human race.

That is a good reason, if there were no other, why we should all be as kind as we can. We of the CN today are trying to forget the war for the sake of that dumb, patient, and long-suffering race of fellow-creatures we call animals.

Our Animal Friends

We could not live without them. They feed us, bear our burdens, and serve us in a thousand ways, and they are for ever at our mercy. Mostly we are kind to them; it is to the everlasting honour of this country that it has led the way in the humane treatment of animals. The righteous man regardeth his beast, and it is a moral law that runs, with certain fashionable exceptions, through the length and breadth of the land. Few things arouse such indignation among our people as cruelty to animals.

The fact to which we wish to draw attention this week is that the Ministry of Food, which would not know what to do without our animals, is inflicting an immense mass of cruelty on the tens of thousands of pigs sold in our markets every week, and *doing it because cruelty is cheap*.

A Market Scene

It happened the other day that a man passing a cattle market at the very gate of London was attracted by a piteous squeaking of pigs in terror. He was unable to believe his eyes, for in this market, in the full light of day, a mass of pigs were bleeding and squealing while a man kicked them out of his way and cut a piece out of the ear of every pig. It was such a painful scene that the CN has looked into it, and found that it is not a local act of cruelty which could be stopped by the police, but that it is part of a system deliberately adopted by the Ministry of Food throughout the kingdom.

It is a sorry thing to have to say, but this cruelty has become the policy of a Government Department. Cruelty being so widespread now, what is a little more to fuss about? The CN is fussing about it because it considers it a matter of very great importance.

It has to do with the taking over of livestock by the Government, which is the only buyer, but the explanation given for this cruel act has no weight at all with us and will surely fail to carry conviction to the public mind.

When cows and sheep are sold in the market they are sold as beef or mutton. It appears to be quite simple to calculate the meat value of both while they are still alive. But for some mysterious reason it is not so simple to calculate the food value of a pig while it is still alive, so pigs are sold alive but paid for by dead-weight. Therefore they must be marked in order that they may be easily identified when dead and the price to be paid is calculated.

Cutting the Pig's Ear

The dead-weight is that of a pig after it has been killed, bled, scalded, and scraped, so it is important, when pigs are sold like this, that the mark should not disappear in the scalding or scraping, or Mr Brown's pigs might get mixed with Mr Jones's and the business of paying would become confused.

To most of us it would seem a perfectly simple thing to sell pigs by live-weight instead of dead-weight, or to find a way of marking which would survive the scalding and scraping; but it does appear that this difficulty has arisen, and so a way has been thought out of making sure that Mr Brown does not get paid for Mr Jones's pig. The way that has been adopted is to *cut a piece out of the ear of all the pigs*.

It sounds incredible, but it is true, and if you had been in the market of a town in Kent the other day you would have refused to believe that

you were in England, so repulsive was the sight. Doing a cruel thing makes a man callous to cruelty; it is in that way that cruelty spreads, for by the practice of it the mind is blunted and we grow less sensitive. The men who do this thing hundreds and thousands of times will tell you it is nothing, and to the Ministry of Food which permits it to be done day after day, week after week, month after month, it becomes just a way of marking a pig. But to ordinarily humane people brought up in the English way it is a horrible act of cruelty on a gigantic scale, something with a touch of Nazi torture in it.

Those who do this thing know well that it is painful, for something has been achieved by the protests of the R S P C A. In the beginning both a pig's ears

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JIM CROW SPOTS THE JERRIES

It was first day of term and I had to visit the school and see if the new teacher had duly arrived.

As I went up to the door a boy was standing outside. I thought to myself, What, naughty already? This is a bad start; but what I said, fortunately, did not presume any guilt. "Anything wrong?" I asked. "No, sir," he answered. "I'm here to spot the bombers and report."

He was just 13, but knew all about Messerschmitts and Dorniers, Junkers and Heinkels, their colours and markings, and the difference in the droning of their engines; and so it was that, instead of lying on the floor as soon as the sirens sounded, the girls and boys were able to get on with their work till Jim Crow gave the word—which means a good deal when an alarm lasts for two hours. "But, mind you," he said, "if I am not quite sure I'm to give the warning. It is up to me to see they are not caught by surprise."

The Cheetah and the Raven

WHIPSNADDE has been much interested in an odd partnership which has been formed in the cheetahs' enclosure.

As a rule the cheetah will destroy any bird that gets into its cage; it is so swift that hardly any flying thing escapes it once it is within the enclosure. Peacocks have frequently been known to fly down there from trees in Whipsnade Wood, and they have always been captured.

The cheetah is indeed the fastest short-distance runner in the whole animal kingdom, and has been known to keep up with a car going 80 miles an hour. It is so fast that it is caught young in India and trained to hunt deer.

Now, however, the cheetahs have made a notable friendship with a raven, which hops freely about their paddock and even shares their meals. The cheetahs will sometimes play with it as if to attack, but never have they hurt it, and they allow it to pick up their food as it will.

God's Lantern

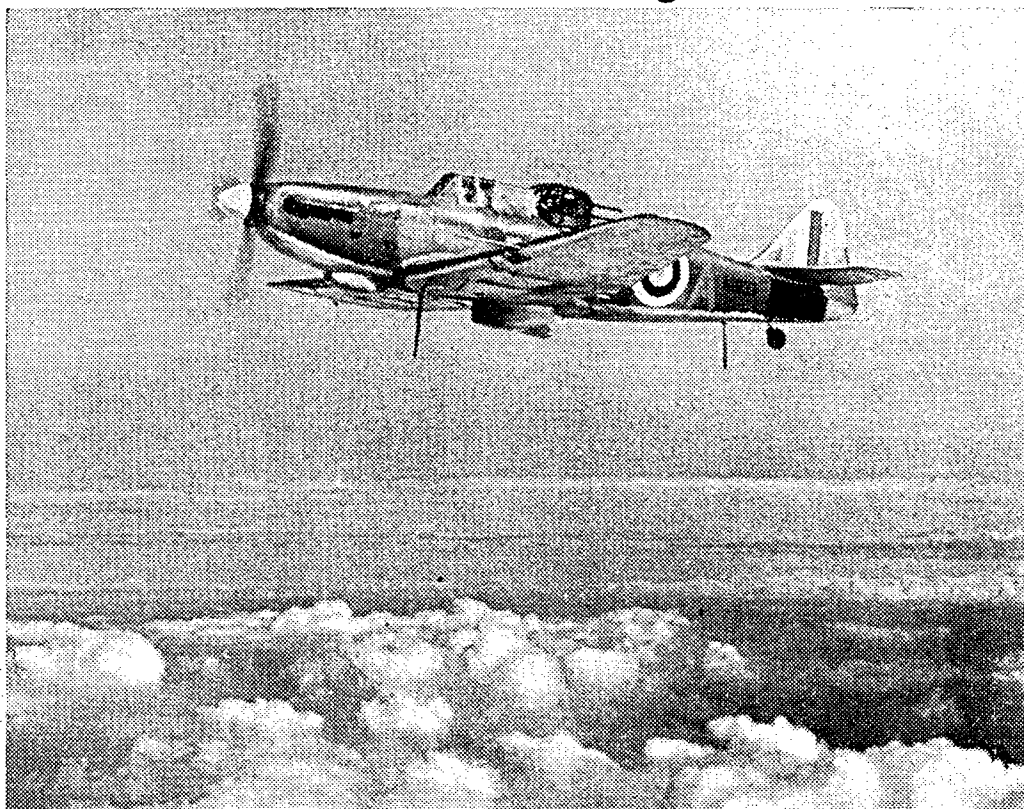
THE bombers were droning overhead. "Well," said a grimly determined little body, "we are ready for them, for the R A F have raised their observation light."

No, she explained, she did not mean the searchlights, but the special observation light she had often seen in raid-racked skies. She and others knew it to be our own light, she said, for she had noted that it changed its position to meet requirements, and such vigilance was a comfort to her.

She pointed out her observation light, and was told it was the lovely planet Venus, heedless of our affairs.

But she was undaunted. "Then," said she, "my observation lamp is not lit by man but by God Himself, and that is a greater comfort still." So she left the matter to the planes and the planets, confident that no evil would befall her.

The Defiant of the Night Skies



The Boulton Paul Defiant, a two-seat fighter which is meeting the menace of the night-flying bombers. The plane has a speed of 300 m p h, and its power-operated turret, carrying four guns, gives it a wide field of fire much feared by the enemy

THE FARMER AND HIS APPLES

We hear of a house near the New Forest which was destroyed by a bomb, though three people inside were practically unhurt. The farmer next door lost a cow and a friend went to sympathise with him.

"Oh, well, poor thing," said he, "it was better for her than a human being—but you come and see my orchard. They dropped two incendiaries there." He led the way through the gate to where the trees stood, black stems with brown leaves. "See," he said, "all the apples shook down for me, and all baked ready for dinner!" He laughed heartily, and added, "Wasn't it kind of him!"

The Carthorse and the Bomb

A C N friend in Surrey sends us this news of a horse in a raid.

My father still employs a few carthorses to carry on his business. Everything is done for the safety of the horses from air raids. During the raid one night in October an incendiary bomb fell through the glass roof into the stable. One of the horses, called Hereford, must have put the bomb out by stamping on it, thus probably saving a big London fire. In the morning he was found badly burnt. Now he is being nursed back to health, and it is hoped he will recover from his injuries.

Dear Old Lady

A frail old lady in a north-east town, hearing that a first-aid post had been bombed out of action, collected all the linen she could find which would be of service as bandages and went out to the stricken area to offer her services as nurse.

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were cut (the cuts being of differing shapes), but it would seem that somebody's heart was touched by the thought of Piggy's suffering one cut and enduring a second dose of pain, and now the piece is chipped from one ear only.

If we are moved by the pity of all this we shall probably be ashamed of the excuse that is given for it all. It is to save you and me a little money. While we are spending twelve million pounds a day we are saved a fraction of a penny now and then by cutting a piece out of a pig's ear while it is still alive. While the Government buys sheep by live-weight, they refuse to do so in the case of pigs because paying for them alive might cost a little more.

We think the nation would gladly risk paying the little more and be true to its high traditions of humanity and kindness rather than adopt the spirit of the Nazi butcher to whom cruelty and torture are fine arts. As a pig can only squeal in its agony and nobody listens to it, we are pleading for it here. We do not want cheap food at such a price. We can afford to be kind and to maintain our good name.

It is worth while writing to your M P about it. You will be playing your part in a battle for humanity which neither our fair fame nor our good name can suffer to be lost. **Arthur Mes**

The Glory That is Greece & the Baseness That is Rome

WE have only to think of the names of Greece and Rome to be stirred by the thought of a dream-world of two thousand years ago and more; a dream-world because it reached a high state of civilisation which has never been surpassed.

Greece gave us Beauty and Rome gave us Government. Both rose to wondrous power, lived a few centuries, and declined to nothingness as empires go; but their legacy to the world is immortal and cannot be lost. The glory that was Greece was in her contribution to the artistic and intellectual life of mankind; the grandeur that was Rome was in her contribution to the art of governing men and nations. Greece gave the world its richest treasures of art; Rome gave it Peace, the Pax Romana, which she imposed on subject races for their good.

The great Greeks sent their names resounding down the corridors of time for their courage, their eloquence, their literature, their buildings, their sculptures. Everybody knows them—Pericles, Demosthenes, Socrates, Sophocles, Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, Phidias, Leonidas, and a host of

others. They lived in a Golden Age which we may perhaps compare with the Golden Age of Queen Elizabeth 2000 years later. The things they left behind will never die, for they are as the very core of our intellectual and spiritual heritage.

The Romans left behind them noble literature, noble architecture, and engineering works on a scale equal to the massive works of the Egyptians; more than all they left the example of good rulers. Not that their Caesars were much to boast of always, for many of them were maniacs; yet there were immortals among them—Julius Caesar, Augustus, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Constantine. In literature she was renowned for such names as Virgil and Horace the poets; Livy and Tacitus the historians. In the annals of heroes are Regulus and Horatius, and for orators and leaders of men Cato, Cicero, Brutus, and Mark Antony are models to this day.

Such was Greece: such was Rome. They are in the immortal pageant of the human race.

And now? Greece, a tiny State today as then, has yet ever before her in her capital the mighty ruin of the Acro-

polis reminding her of the majestic past, and she stands today, as then, for freedom and all that is precious and worth while in life. She will fight and die rather than give them up.

Rome is in the grip of one of her meanest rulers, the vain-glorious son of a blacksmith, dreaming of worldwide empire once again, and the throne of Caesar. He has enslaved the Italian people, trampled down Albania, poisoned the Abyssinians with gas, and dragged his country at the heels of the Maniac of Berlin. Nothing to him is the glory that was Rome; for him is the vileness of a Roman subject and a Roman Caesar, Judas and Caligula. Nothing to him is the grandeur that was Greece, for he stabs her in the back, as he stabbed France when she was weak. He has betrayed Civilisation and the great Roman tradition.

So Greece and Rome are in the news again, and may mark a tide that will turn and change the face of the world. When the war is over the grandeur that was Greece will be a thrilling spectacle once more, but the baseness that is Rome will be odious in the nostrils of History.

NEWS DICTIONARY OF GREECE

Greece has an area of 50,147 square miles, over one-sixth being islands; her population is about 7,000,000. Helped by our Navy, she won her independence in 1829, and extended as a result of the Great War. Greece has a merchant navy of nearly two million tons.

Athens. The capital, which has a population of about 400,000 and is the biggest city, was a mere village of 162 dwellings a century ago. Today it has a galaxy of magnificent public buildings of white marble.

Corfu. This 40-mile-long island off the coast of Albania is the largest of the Ionian Islands, and has valleys of much fertility whose produce is exported through the capital, also called Corfu. Here the Serbian army rallied during the last war.

Crete. The third largest island in the Mediterranean, Crete is 160 miles long and has a population of 450,000, Candia being its capital. The home of a very early civilisation, it is a very self-sufficient island, being well watered in contrast to other Greek islands. Its people have always been in the van where Greek liberty is concerned.

Escape Across the Atlantic

The skippers of 30 British vessels will never forget their relief when they sighted the New World!

Some of the ships were little colliers that had never been out of the English Channel before; others were bigger. All were loaded with coal, and all had steamed indignantly out of French ports the day the French armistice was requested. Huddling together for protection, they turned their bows towards Canada. They had very little food on board, and no convoy, but all except one made the crossing safely with their million-dollar cargo.

Cyclades. This archipelago of over 200 islands in the Aegean Sea is so named because they encircle the sacred island of Delos. The biggest is Naxos, and others are Paros, with marble quarries; Melos, where the Venus of Milo was found, and Andros.

General Metaxas. Appointed Prime Minister in 1936, and ruled as Dictator. General Metaxas has shown wisdom in his alliance with Turkey and his friendship with this country which guaranteed the independence of Greece when Italy overran Albania in April 1939.

George the Second. King of the Hellenes, he descends from the royal house of Denmark, and is a man of high integrity and Christian character. When Republican Greece voted by plebiscite in 1935 he was restored to the throne, and has proved an able and high-minded sovereign.

JIM TREES

One of our readers writes from Scotland that he had the good fortune to meet Jim Trees, to whom we referred in the C N the other week; he found Jim busy at the organ in the prison at Michigan. He is not only an organ builder, but plays very well, and the organ he was building was sufficiently advanced for him to play to the visitor. "He is a superior fellow, though in prison," our friend tells us, "and with the right encouragement may well be a great success."

Piraeus. The seaport of Athens, with a population of 200,000, the Piraeus was founded by Themistocles and Pericles 2500 years ago. Its chief exports are marble, wine, and machinery.

Salonika. The Thessalonica to whose people Paul wrote two epistles, this magnificent port lies at the head of a gulf in the extreme north of the Aegean Sea. It has a population of some 240,000, who serve the commerce between the port and the interior, for railways run north to Nish and Belgrade, and east to connect with the transcontinental line through Sofia and Istanbul. Salonika was the chief base of the Allies during the last war.

Skyros. This island off Euboea in the Aegean Sea is sacred to lovers of English literature because it is the burial place of the poet Rupert Brooke, who died there during the last war.

Racing the Winter's Frost

This year the wheat has already won its race with the frost on the northern part of the corn belt in the Western Hemisphere, which sends us most of our daily bread. In Minnesota the frost has begun, but the corn was ripe before it came. In Illinois more than three-quarters of the crop is safe. Other regions beyond the Canadian border tell the same tale. This year the wheat has ripened nearly everywhere ten days before the usual date. Britain has powerful allies in this food that has speeded up its mass production for our benefit.

Little News Reel

The Governor of French Equatorial Africa has issued a new series of 39 stamps to mark General de Gaulle's arrival in French Congo.

Saying "I want £180 worth of National Savings Certificates and here is the money," a man put a suitcase on the table at Bolton and turned out 7200 sixpences.

Over 45,000,000 people visited the New York World's Fair, which has now closed after two seasons; the grounds, now a permanent park and arboretum, were two years ago a refuse dump.

More than 900,000 horses are still on agricultural holdings in Britain, and two-thirds of them are helping this autumn in the great ploughing campaign.

Four Canadians have written to thank Hitler for "a wonderful rabbit dinner which took three 1000-lb bombs and one oil-bomb to kill."

A Luton man found a gas-mask case containing notes valued £1847, and the money was returned through the police to the owner.

About 125,000 million matches are used in this country every year.

An Irish terrier has been rescued from the ruins of a bombed house after being buried for 17 days.

To celebrate the raising of a Spitfire Fund the inhabitants of Cornerbrook, Newfoundland, have nailed the Union Jack to the mast on Humber Heights, there to remain until victory is won.

India has sent £1000 in aid of air-raid victims in Greece.

The peak hours on the telephone are from 10 to 11.30 in the morning and from half-past two to half-past three in the afternoon.

Manchester has started dozens of Leagues of Good Neighbours to give rest and shelter to those who have been or might be harmed in any way by the war.

It has been arranged that big air raid shelters shall have a little chemist's shop established in each of them.

L N E R employees are cultivating waste land by the line, 1100 plots having been put under cultivation.

Several Northern towns are setting up a Furniture Pool to which people are asked to send any surplus furniture they have, for use in bombed areas.

Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Blackburn, and many other towns are building shelters in which children will be able to continue their lessons during air raids.

The Hitler Bomb

A neutral observer who has just been in Germany writes that in Munich it is now widely believed that the attempt to bomb Hitler there some time ago was a plot engineered by Hitler himself, the idea being to revive his waning popularity and at the same time to get rid of a group of troublesome companions.

THINGS SEEN

Two green plovers searching for delicacies in a crater five minutes after the bomb fell.

Tomatoes growing on a sand-bag near the Guildhall in Norwich.

Food, milk, and water put out daily on a piece of waste land for stray cats in North Wales.

On a menu in a Piccadilly snack bar:

To those who risk their lives that we may eat, let us be thankful.

The Arab's Revenge

There were officers with the Nazi spirit in Egypt long ago, and The Times has been recalling the way in which an Arab dealt with one just 100 years ago.

This is the story as it was told in October 1840.

A roor gardener was absent one day from drill (as all would be if they could) upon some excuse of sickness, want of food, or other inability . . . and the officer (his neighbour), seeing him able to work in his garden, gave him a thrashing and told him to be punctual at drill the next day.

However, the gardener did not appear at roll-call, and the officer went in a rage to bring him to the

ground. He found him occupied with his old Persian waterwheel.

The officer approached, probably to repeat his arguments of the previous day, when the gardener, suddenly seizing his hands, tied them behind his back, thrust his neck into the yoke usually occupied by his oxen, and drove him round and round the circular track, incessantly lashing him when he grew stubborn and stopped.

The culprit, having gratified his sentiment of retaliation, quietly surrendered and received bastinadoes on the feet to an amount which would appear fabulous if written, yet without allowing a groan to escape him.

HOW A PATCH OF GARDEN HELPS

It is calculated that the new kitchen gardens cultivated during the war have saved a million tons of shipping space.

There are now about a million and a quarter allotments in the country, 300,000 of them being new ones, and it is believed that the number will grow by another half million. What our gardeners should grow particularly, as well as potatoes, are onions, carrots, and tomatoes.

CENTRAL RUSSIA'S NEW SEAWAY

White Russia (or the Soviet Republic of Belo-Russia to give it its official name) is developing its communications in order that it may be less isolated in the very heart of western Russia. Minsk, midway between Warsaw and Moscow on the railway, is its capital.

Some 800 miles of new roads have been built in the past year and 6000 miles of old roads repaired.

Of even greater importance is the completion of a 126-mile canal linking the Dnieper and the western Bug, a task involving the excavation of 176,500,000 cubic feet of earth, the clearing and widening of many small rivers, and the construction of 23 bridges.

Railways are few in this region, so the new roads and the canal will help the transport of farm produce to the rest of Russia, and the canal will give Belo-Russia an outlet to the Black Sea.

CANADA'S GOLD

With more than five million ounces of gold mined last year Canada was second among gold-producing countries; South Africa was first with over 12,800,000 fine ounces.

WHICH ONE?

From somewhere in England comes the story of two rather elderly Home Guards who were marching abreast, followed by their new corporal.

"Now then," snapped the corporal, very conscious of his two stripes, "one of you is out of step!"

"Aye, aye," replied one of the men, "but I'm sure you don't know which one!"

The Miracle of Two Villages

WE were telling the story of our village in the front page the other day, and the hundred bombs which had then fallen without hurting a human being has now become 300. It is a miraculous thing that not the hair of one head has been hurt.

One of our readers, having read of this village, writes from a small village in Lancashire to say that they also have experienced such a miracle, for on one day 500 incendiary bombs fell on the village and neither life nor property was imperilled. The bombs fell in fields and gardens, on the roads, and in the pond. Alarmed by the

glare, the cows in the meadow at the back of a house moved off, and were found the next day on the golf links, unharmed.

It is, we may say again, astonishing how often it happens that the assassins' bombs go astray. They must be poor aimers, these Nazis. They dived down at a playground full of children and missed them all with their machine-gun bullets. They dropped 180 incendiaries at an orphanage and did no harm to any of the hundreds of boys; and at another Home for Boys, though they destroyed five houses they hurt not a single life.

NEWS FROM LAMBETH WALK

We hear of many kindly acts among the poor in the raided districts. A Welfare Worker from near Lambeth Walk tells us of a woman who bought cat's-meat and spread it out each day on the doorstep of a bombed house, saying, "They went away in a hurry and forgot the cats." As our correspondent was passing a little paper shop in the rain the woman at the shop door called out that she would get wet, and immediately produced an umbrella, which she insisted on lending. "I don't know you or where you come from," said she in reply to our friend's protest, "but you mustn't get wet."

A World Game of Swap?

THE wide distribution of the world's wealth exercises many minds, and some economists have long wondered whether the substitution of a universal barter system between nations would not be worth while.

After the last war there was a grave disturbance of price which brought millions to the brink of ruin, as when Australian sheep farmers found their animals not worth bringing to market.

Prices and outputs jumped about so madly that all business became a gamble. If we take steel as an example, in 1929 America produced 4,700,000 tons a month, whereas in 1932 she produced only 1,100,000

tons a month. So with ourselves; in 1929 our monthly output was 800,000 tons, in 1932 it was only 483,000.

It is claimed by some that the nations might set up a World Clearing House. This would take account of the export surpluses of the nations and afford to all a ready means of bulk exchange and valuation. In such a system gold would lose its predominance and prices would be agreed at equitable levels in bartering wheat for iron, or petroleum for cotton, or coal for copper.

Over-production would become impossible, as a ready means would be available for absorbing output.



The Old Country Carries On—Market Day in a Little Town Somewhere in England

ABOUT US

We take this tribute from the Cleveland News, an Ohio newspaper.

They are good people, the English, on whom the largest and most terrible bombs ever built are falling. They and we believe in the same things, the right to be ourselves, the liberty to say what we think, to stand on our own feet and bear our own responsibility, to glow with quiet pride at the great things our ancestors have done.

They are a great people, these English. Hideous chemicals may blow them to bits, but neither bomb nor fire will lay them flat to be walked over.

FOR A MINUTE OR TWO

There had been a heavy bombardment, and after the guns had died down an elderly Scottish lady said to her friend, "It's funny, but for a minute or two my legs were shaking."

SWIMMING TO MARKET

In order to get his cattle to market at Dingwall, Farmer Monk, of an island in the Outer Hebrides, swam against a fierce current for 60 yards driving 70 head of Highland cattle before him. He got his reward, for he took a first and second prize.

A LIGHT IN THE BLACKOUT

Mr John Robinson, a farmer in the Derbyshire hills, got an unexpected help from the Nazi raiders the other night.

An air-raid alarm was given about the time his cow Daisy was expected to calve. Mr Robinson knew Daisy was a long way off in the dale, but he could not take the old storm lamp because of the Blackout, and just as Mr Robinson was getting much worried a lost raider dropped a flare, then another, and yet another, and by the light of these Mr Robinson was able to find his lost cow. Daisy and the calf are both doing well, thank you.

THE BOASTER

Two Government officials on their way to town from a London suburb the other morning were cheerily comparing notes on the night's experience, and this was the conversation:

Did you try your gas-taps this morning?

Yes.

What did you get?

Air!

Pooh! Too commonplace! When I turned mine on I got a refreshing flow of water!

PLANTAIN

Evacuation and the necessity to be busy with many things have been attended with harm to our gardens in many a harassed county. Weeds flourish where weeds never were before.

The presence of one of the spoilers of our once-trim lawns, the plantain, has almost an excuse for its existence in the fact that it tends to make foreign lands in part a home from home for our sons and brothers fighting overseas.

Wherever we have been in lands capable of sustaining vegetation we have taken the plantain with us. So widespread is it that coloured peoples call it, not plantain, but White Man's Foot.

It is also widely believed that the plantain has wonderful medicinal properties, and the Editor has on his desk at this moment a pot of plantain ointment sent by a good friend in Devon, who declares that it may be used for any ill that may befall!

THE BIG BUTTON

Bury, Lancashire, have now an air-raid warning system in operation by which the pressing of one central button will:

Sound every siren in the town, starting and ending at the same moment; switch on lights in public shelters; extinguish all star-light lamps; warn all A R P fire and first-aid posts; warn all factories in the area; and summon key A R P officials from their homes.

GOOD NEWS OF BAD BOYS

Here is good news about the bad boys of Barnsley. The magistrates in charge of the town have decided that digging is to replace the birch. Any boy coming before the court for doing wrong, if found guilty, can dig under the supervision of the parks superintendent.

The Case of the Miner

THE life of the coal-miner since the Great War has been a long series of vicissitudes, and this war has brought him new despairs. Some of the finest coal in the world is going begging, with sad results for thousands of families.

A glance at the facts for 1913, the year before the Great War, tells the story. In that year Britain exported 72 million tons of coal. Now we do not export half that. Most of the trade was with European countries which now cannot, or will not, buy from us. France, a big buyer, has collapsed.

In the steam-coal area of South Wales 12,000 men are idle.

War has not been the only factor of disturbance. In peace the use of oil at sea has driven an army of miners into unemployment; many have wisely left the industry forever. There are now a third fewer than in 1918, yet there is grave unemployment still.

War trades are absorbing some of the surplus labour, and we may hope that other openings will appear. It is suggested that miners might dig deep air-raid shelters, but that would not help in the long run.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



THE WISE MAN AND THE DREAMER

Two men were talking. One believed in the good time coming; the other believed in the bad times that must always be.

"These things will always be," the worldly-wise man said. "It is all inevitable, and your dreams are all impossible."

"Are you sure it is inevitable?" the dreamer said.

Wise Man. There is no doubt about it. Always men have fought each other, and why not? Fighting is in a man's blood. It is his only way of holding his own.

Dreamer. But we rise above the beasts.

Wise Man. No, we don't—only in certain things. Because it is not convenient to be always fighting, we agree about little things in order to fight about big things. We organise ourselves to get strength to fight. We set up kings and pretend that they are gods, and hedge them round with fetishes and superstitions, and fight for them. The end of all our life is fighting. Panthers, men, or nations—all must fight.

Dreamer. But even a panther fights to guard its little ones. Need it always be ignoble, this fighting? Is there not a fighting higher than the beast's? Look back through age on age, and see the track of human feet strewn all the way with pain. See man fight the great cave-bear; see him fight his fellow-man; see him fight house against house, tribe against tribe, race against race, nation against nation, but see in it all the rise from low to high. He begins by fighting for something to eat, for somewhere to live; he comes to fight for the right to keep what is his own, for the right to think and to know; and he ends by fighting to give to others the rights he has won for himself.

Wise Man. He kills one man that another may be free.

Dreamer. Let us rather say he kills a tyranny that liberty may live. Men are free to choose the good or ill, and so there came into the world the clashing of the powers of good and evil. But always, in the everlasting fight between them, evil has gone down.

Who fights an unjust cause sows the seed of justice. In the ceaseless clash of forces the highest will win.

The building up is stronger than the breaking down. To build anew you may have to destroy, but it is something better, more lovely, more secure, that you put in its place. You may have to pull down tyranny to build up liberty, to pull down the ugly to build up the beautiful, to pull down from their high places the friends of war and darkness in order to build thrones for the friends of peace and light.

Wise Man. A long time your friends of light have been in conquering the world.

Dreamer. Only an hour or two as time runs. How many millions of years is the sun? How many uncounted ages have gone to make the rivers and the stars? Yet civilisation is a few thousand years at most. A thousand years ago, in huge tracts of the British Empire, men used to eat their neighbours; a hundred years ago wolves prowled in the streets of France; fifty years ago who had seen a motor-car?

If it has taken ten thousand years for clever men to give the world a train, and a ship, and an aeroplane; if great ideas come so slowly that even Shakespeare believed in witches, can you be surprised that the instinct of war has not been utterly destroyed?

Wise Man. Nor will it ever be. War is inevitable.

Dreamer. One thing only is inevitable. It is inevitable that good should conquer evil, that love should banish hate, that all that is hideous on the earth should perish in the light of the sun. It is inevitable that when evil powers attack mankind the soul of man should rise and cast them out. We do not kill wild beasts with gentle words; we must meet force with force, but be sure that in the end Truth will beat the big gun. It will beat the big gun as surely as the big gun beats the pop-gun.

Wise Man. Ah, yes; it is a beautiful dream. It is inevitable that men should dream, but it is impossible that their dreams will come true.

Dreamer. Ah, no; it is only dreams that do come true. We dream, and wake to see it coming. *We are making your Inevitable impossible.*

FUEL FOR THE FIRES OF GOD

Toc H has lost one of its devoted men, Jim Burford. He was a Welsh miner, a footballer, a preacher, a trade union official, and in the end he was a pit-prop holding up a beam under which a mate was pinned in the mine. It was the end of him, as we say, but for such men there is no end; they pass into the universe with their spirit burning in the lives of other men. This was his last message, from a letter he wrote when he lay on his last bed and was thinking of the Vision he had had before him all his life.

The vision seen, the will aroused, the burning pulsating enthusiasm of the seer must be real and passed on to (burnt into, if you like) other men, who are as fuel for the fires of God. It will kill the seer, but that is always the way; but the death of the visionary brings to birth the men who, with good guidance, will bring his Seeings to be Beings.

Told by the Marines

EVERYONE knows the meaning of the old saying, Tell that to the Marines; but here is a story the Marines themselves are telling.

During the evacuation of Dunkirk, the story goes, a small boat crowded with men was hurrying homeward when the look-out was amazed to see a man swimming nine miles from land. He was heading for England.

The helmsman shaped a course towards the solitary swimmer and shouted, "Care for a lift?"

The swimmer, without slackening pace, replied, "Thanks—if you're sure you've room."

NO REPRISALS

WE understand from official sources that the continuance of Summer Time during winter is not a reprisal for the continuance of winter weather during summer-time.

Andrew Carries On

A MERSEYSIDE lady sends us this little tale of a kitten in the air-raids. He and his mistress live alone, and Andrew sleeps in the kitchen and considers himself entitled to a quiet night. The mistress, sleeping on her camp-bed in the dining-room, was conscious of Andrew's uneasiness during the raids, and to her surprise the other night she saw the dining-room door open and the kitten walk in, dragging his little blanket with him. He leapt on to the foot of her bed, clawed up his blanket after him, and, purring loudly, pummelled the blanket into shape before he curled round and went to sleep.

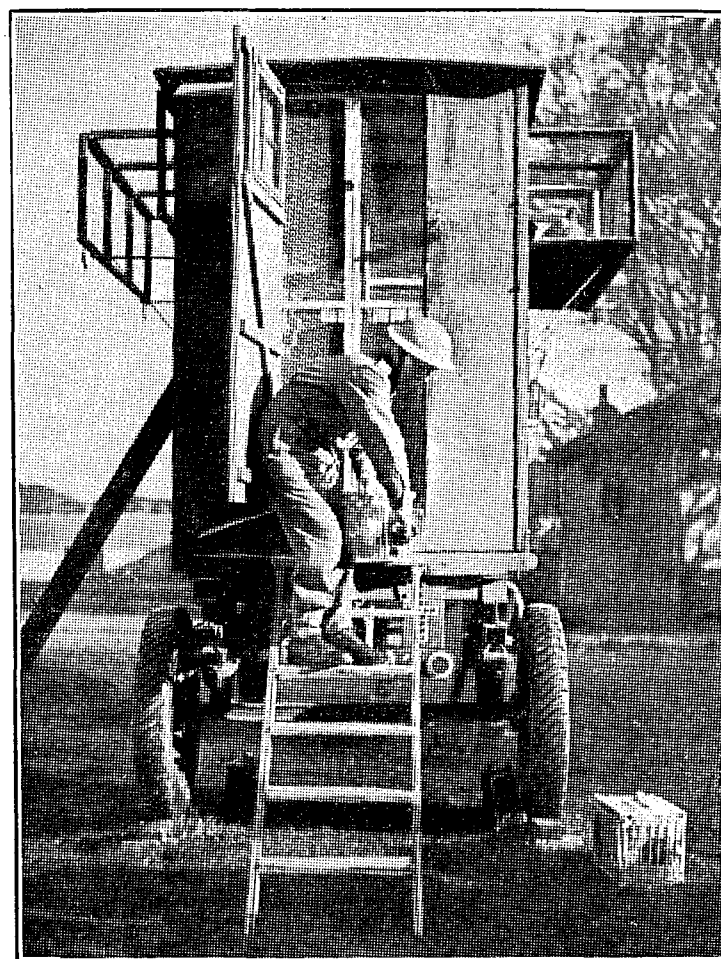
Rare Experience of a Man of Kent

Two long nights in bed and a burst of dazzling sunshine in the morning.

The child lives in the future, the old man in the past, the wise man in the present. Thévenot

JUST AN IDEA

If you don't strike oil in the first two minutes, an American advised after-dinner speakers the other day, you'd better stop boring.



The Army's Winged Messengers

Pigeons are being used extensively in the Services. Here a soldier of the Royal Corps of Signals is seen on the steps of a mobile loft preparing the birds for carrying messages

Could the World Go Down Below?

We asked a scientific friend to tell us what he thought of the possibility of man changing his existence and living under the surface of the earth instead of on it, and this is what he writes in answer to the suggestion that bombs might drive man down below.

SOME colossal problems would need to be solved in order to provide a healthy subterranean existence for communities numbering millions of people. The provision of hygienic and sanitary conditions would be one of them; but, in view of all that can be achieved by chemistry in the way of profitable transformation of sewage and elimination of undesirable bacteria, man might be able to live in an environment of his own making, free from infection, in an atmosphere where diseases are unknown.

In such an underground and sheltered existence man would control, and in fact make, climatic conditions to suit his requirements, as he has already done wherever his underground burrowings have taken him. Bearing in mind how palatial some of these burrowings can be, it becomes difficult to set a limit to what is possible in a state of things in which storms, hurricanes, tornadoes, and blizzards do not exist, and the climate is turned on with a switch. Each community might have precisely the temperature suited to its requirements in a subterranean world secure from the violence of the elements as we now know them.

No Weather Forecasts

The circulation of pure air from the earth's surface, after it had been chemically sterilised and mechanically warmed, would be but an elaboration on an immense scale of what can now be done. The rigours of frost would not be permitted except where required, and meteorologists would be super-

fluous, together with tantalising weather forecasts, in a realm where only a few scientists would be likely to be interested in events at the earth's dark and frigid surface. Sport would then not be at the mercy of the weather, or regulated by seasons, for seasons would not then exist except at man's bidding.

All this is quite within reach of man's scientific knowledge and mechanical skill even now; were humanity to devote itself wholeheartedly to the purpose; but it is inconceivable that the human race would ever, as a whole, take to a subterranean existence while the glorious sun and the never-ending change of the high heavens may be enjoyed.

The Troglodyte Life

It is astonishing to what an extent man has already bored and burrowed beneath the earth's surface within the last hundred years. It has been calculated that something like 20,000 million cubic yards of material have been dug out under this country alone in that time. Nevertheless, it is improbable that mankind would ever abandon sunlight for an existence by artificial light; only if driven to it would men adopt a troglodyte life beneath the surface.

Yet if that day should come, marbled halls for miles and miles, full of the joy of life, may extend into the earth's interior, where all human needs will be supplied by means of a switch and pillared green fields under a canopy of ultraviolet light extend on every side. A peep at blue skies adorned by a feeble sun might then only be seen once a year as the delight of a brief summer holiday, much as we visit the sea today, and families would return joyfully to the stormless and rainless interior of the only possible world to them.

Under the Editor's Table

NOT many people know how to reglaze a window. This should be seen into.

PEOPLE who want new names for Spitfires should hear what the Germans call them.

SHOE-BLACKS in London are carrying on despite air-raids. Shining examples.

A CHESS tournament has been postponed until after the war. Then all Hitler's schemes will have gone by the board.

MORNING mists soon lift. They don't get everybody up.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If drilling bores a soldier

IT is a problem to know where to keep your extra coal. A burning question.

A LADY says she writes poetry in air-raids. Why not in ink?

POWER for war factories is to be obtained from Niagara Falls. The output won't drop.

WHAT line from Keats would be on Hitler's lips if he knew his Keats? Probably, "When I have fears that I may cease to be."

WOMEN are buying shoes for walking in. Wonders will never cease.

HOW THEY MADE THE BURMA ROAD

China's Life-Line Against the Japs

The whole civilised world looks on with admiration at the attitude of the Chinese people standing up to the bullying Japs, for years have been making on them and stealing their country.

The war has taken a new turn with the reopening of the Burma Road, which in itself is a nautic achievement bearing witness to the indomitable courage of the hard-pressed and ach-ried Chinese people. The Burma Road is a new back door to China, running from the port of Rangoon in Burma thousands of miles north to the it of Chiang Kai-shek in the province of Yunnan. It has ne about in this way.

Creating a Vast Army

As Japan has taken port after it and city after city in stern China, Chiang Kai-shek moved his people westward, China is the biggest single untry in the world, with 400 llion people. So it is that, as the panese make their way slowly ward, the Chinese can press hundreds of miles inland and ert building up a new life and new resistance. They can go ck 500 miles from the sea-ast till they come to the ountains and forests and rolling vers and upland pastures of ibet. Here, in Yunnan Province, Chiang Kai-shek is gathering s people together and training i army of two million men.

This vast army now rising in e heart of China must have ms and munitions, and it is to apply these that the Burma oad has been developed out an old mule-track. The new ece of Chinese road is about o miles long and links up with e general road system of the untry. It links up also with e great road the British made Burma long ago, when it was oped to carry the road from angoon to Mandalay right into aina. Part of the old road is as

old as Marco Polo, who walked along it when it was a narrow stone track. The whole of the British road has now been put right, and the Chinese made themselves responsible a year ago for their own part of it.

We have been reading of some Royal Canadian Engineers who have shocked an English county council by doing a piece of road work in seven weeks for which the council had estimated on a time-table of two years. But they had all the facilities of mechanised service; the Chinese have had to make much of their road with such tools as have been in use for 2000 years, and most of the work was done by hand.

The people rallied to the call of Chiang Kai-shek and made this highway with a marvellous enthusiasm born of the knowledge that it meant life and liberty to them. Families or clans gathered together men, women, and children in their thousands, breaking down great rocks, leading oxen to draw the heavier boulders on sledges, and setting up these rocks as walls to line the road. Grandfathers cracked rocks into small pieces for the making of the road itself and for the concrete bridges, and the surface was made with stone fragments, and smoothed down with crude rollers.

Beautiful Scenery

One section of the new road had to be blasted through a narrow gorge; other sections ran through mountain passes 8000 feet high, and over rivers. A marvellous road it is, often running through miles of pine forests and vast stretches of rhododendrons, so that it is beautiful as well as strongly built.

We must hope it will prove to be a new life-line for China, enabling her to throw back the Japanese Army, which after two generations of civilisation has gone back to barbarism in the true Nazi-Mussi style.

When the Window is Blown Out

HERE is much discussion of the question of protecting windows against the effects of blast from bomb explosions, and people living outside raided territory may be led to imagine from many letters published at the glass is blown into the houses.

Such is not the case. In the majority of instances the damage comes, not from the direct violence of a bomb, but from Nature asserting herself after a momentary upset.

The blast causes such a rush of air as to set up a vacuum. The air is thrust or sucked away, so

that the air inside the building, pressing on glass which for an instant has no external support, bursts it out. The glass from a leaded pane in the house of a C N reader was picked up 15 feet away. A huge leaded window elsewhere was left bulging outwards like an immense shield.

In a district near which a bomb caused the shattering of almost every window of shops and houses not a fragment of glass fell inside; it was all scattered in the gardens or along the pavement.

Ironclad Islanders

Of all Holland's possessions in the Far East none is stranger than the island of Nias in the Dutch East Indies. Its natives wear coats of wrought iron, as their ancestors did centuries ago when the first Dutchmen sailed to seas then unknown.

A traveller who went there on behalf of the US Museum of Natural History describes in the museum's journal the magnificent ceremonial costume worn by Lafau, the island's chieftain. The old gentleman, besides his iron coat, with its border of gold plating, wore attached to his

head huge curling gold moustaches and gold antlers. Round his neck was a gold collar, on his chest a gold plate. He carried a short sword in a scabbard ornamented with crocodile and tiger's teeth; and beside him stood his bodyguard carrying 17th-century Portuguese blunderbusses. Like most of the other islanders, they wore on formal occasions iron coats which all possess, pot helmets, shields, and spears.

They looked like figures from a tournament of the Middle Ages—which are still with them.

FOR THE AGE TO COME

WE see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with Thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath a secret power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

John Greenleaf Whittier—adapted

When You Buy a Piece of England

YOU buy a coat, a horse, a house; there you pay the seller for labour exerted, for something that he has produced, or that he has got from the man who did produce it; but when you pay a man for land, what are you paying him for? You pay him for something that no man produced; you pay him for something that was here before man was, or for a value that was created, not by him individually, but by the community of which you are a part. Henry George

THESE REMAIN

WHAT then remains? Courage and patience and simplicity and kindness and, last of all, ideas remain, and these are things to lay hold of and live with. Arthur Christopher Benson

My Heart is Like a Rainbow

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it with doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lis;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.
Christina Rossetti

Where Your Treasure Is

LAY not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is there will your heart be also.

From Matthew, Chapter 6

PRAYER ON A HEIGHT

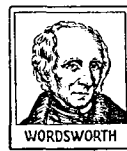
THOU who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble

There Will Be One Master and Ruler of All

THERE will not be one law at Rome and another at Athens, one law today and another law tomorrow; but the same law everlasting and unchangeable will bind all nations at all times; and there will be one common Master and Ruler of all, even God, the framer, the arbitrator, and the proposer of this law. And he who will not obey it will be an exile from himself, despising the nature of man.

Cicero's Republic



CARRY ON

LISTEN, O MEN OF THE WEST

HEAR me, O men of the West! I have lived for thousands of years, I have seen planets which exist no longer, and I reaped the ooze out of the primitive waters.

Men of the West, do not hasten. Upon the mountain of Tay Chang I have sat down to wait for you. Far away I see you coming. The sand is tossed up and falls back to earth. The nations are dispersed. But the wise man's word remains.

Men of the West, heed the wise men, the great wise men of ancient China. While they lived they were

unimportant, and no one knew that they were wise. For such is the law. Truth is invisible, and we breathe it without being aware of its presence.

Men of the West, this invisible Truth was born on yellow soil; it ate rice and slept in the shade of the blue mulberry-tree; and we transmit it modestly.

Men of the West, heed the wise men, the great wise men of ancient China.

Confucius, a Wise Man of the East

Ye Fairies, From All Evil Keep Her

THERE's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon,
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat
Whose shape is like a crescent moon.

Up goes my boat among the stars,
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving the thousand stars beneath her,
Up goes my little boat so bright.

And there it is, the matchless earth!
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean,
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
Through the grey clouds—the Alps are here,
Like waters in commotion.

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands,
That silver thread the River Dnieper,
And look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet isle, of isles the queen;
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her.

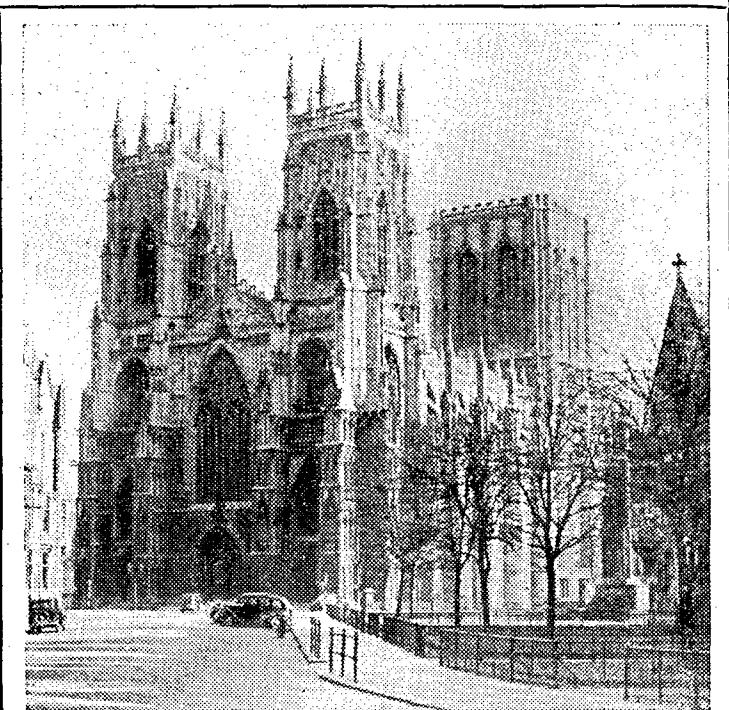
Wordsworth

IT IS REWARD ENOUGH

TO have been a faithful soldier in this fight, a faithful soldier in the Army of Freedom, to have laid one stone in this glorious building, to have done ever so little to bring the Kingdom of God upon earth—surely to have done this (even to have attempted it with all one's might) is sufficient reward for all the work, the fret and toil and sacrifices that are involved in it.

Surely, if we can be but certain to have done this, then when our last hour comes, when the merely selfish things men strive for lose their flavour, when riches and honours drop from us like worn-out habiliments, we may then feel that, though our names and our very existence be forgotten, we yet have left imperishable footprints on the sands of time, have not lived our lives in vain.

Max Hirsch



The great Minster at York is the glory of the ancient northern city. The present building, begun in 1230, rises on the site of a seventh-century church, and its West Front, shown here, is one of the most perfect examples of 15th-century architecture in England

THAT TRING AIR It is Very Bracing

WE think we know the best books to take on a visit anywhere, or in the car when we are passing through many villages and towns; they are the King's England books.

But if you should be going into Hertfordshire for a short stay it will be just as well to pop into your bag, with Arthur Mee's Hertfordshire, Arthur MacDonald's *That Tring Air*. We have been looking through it, and have decided that it is one of the best of all the local books we have seen. Most of them are dull to strangers, but this is delightful to anybody. Mr MacDonald is Oliver Cromwell's ideal man who knows his subject and loves what he knows.

The Air of a Place

That Tring Air he says is strong and bracing. Whatever it is—soil, water, electricity, or rateable value—there is something which distinguishes one place from another and determines the character of the people living in it, builds bonny babies or rickety ones, makes people give their children Old Testament names or those of royalties or warriors. As we do not know what this mysterious thing is, says Mr MacDonald, let us call it the air of a place.

George Stephenson was the engineer for the first railway that came to Tring, and in order to encourage people to come the railway company offered free passes on the line. Tring was two miles away from the station, but Mr MacDonald's father took advantage of this offer and travelled free first class for 21 years between Tring and Euston.

One of the surprising things we have come upon in this little book is a note on Gerald Massey, a poet of some renown whose work we have often quoted. George Eliot made him the model for some of the characteristics of Felix Holt, the Radical. He was born at Tring and worked in a silk mill at starvation wages. In his later years he dabbled in hypnotism, experimenting on his wife, and finding to his alarm that he could not "undo" her! His son was a familiar figure in Tring, standing about near the church on crutches, with his crippled foot suspended in a white strap from his neck.

Parson Pope

Tring had a poor poet and it had a vigorous parson, whose name was Pope. He would lecture the working man on health in the days when lectures on health were greatly needed.

Don't put your sweaty clothes and your boots in your child's bedroom. You put a nail in your child's coffin every time you do so. Put your boots up a tree, down a well—anywhere but in the bedroom.

Thinking Tring would grow into a great place, Pope built a clergy house, a brand-new church, a school, and an organ chamber; and at a Jubilee celebration he was much praised for all this generosity. But he would not have it:

These things had to be done, and the congregation did not come forward to do them. I was not going round begging for money, and I did them. The parish ought to have been ashamed of themselves for allowing me to do it. The clergy should be left to their proper job. How can you expect the carving knife to carve if you poke the kitchen fire with it?

There was a local character called Old Batch, gardener and auctioneer's factotum. One day his mistress, inspecting the cabbages under a nine-foot wall at the back of the garden, said, "Batch, the snails seem to eat these cabbages. Can't you catch some of them?" Batch was ready with his answer.

"Bless you, ma'am, they know my step. As soon as I come in at the front gate they're over that wall like a shot."

We hope Mr MacDonald will forgive us for stealing another plum from this Tring plum tree, though it refers to Devon. The bishop was coming to the village for the first time on record, and the schoolmaster, who conducted the choir, composed a special anthem—to be accompanied with the Fiddle, Hautbois, Sackbut, Psalter, and all kinds of music. This is it:

Whoy glap your 'ands, ye little 'ills,
Whoy glap, whoy glap, whoy glap?
Whoy! 'Tis because we'm glad to see
'Is Grace the Lard Bish-op.

Whoy 'op ye zo, ye little birds,
Whoy 'op, whoy 'op, whoy 'op?
Whoy! 'Tis because we'm glad to see
'Is Grace the Lard Bish-op.

Whoy z-gip ye zo, ye little lambs,
Whoy z-gip, whoy z-gip, whoy z-gip?
Whoy! 'Tis because we'm glad to see
'Is Grace the Lard Bish-op.

Ees! 'e be goom to breach to we,
Zo let us all strike up,
And zing a glorious zong of praise
To bless the Lard Bish-up.

This little book, so neatly bound and so finely printed, is guaranteed to be worth its money whatever price it is, and to be worthy of any publisher whoever has published it; but it has one fault: it is so modest that it mentions neither price nor publisher, but we feel sure that half-a-crown to Mr MacDonald at Hazely, Tring, will bring it to anybody who would like a breath of *That Tring Air*.

Norway Must Not Read Its Great Writer

We recorded the other day the banning of the music of Chopin in his native Poland. Now comes the news of the suppression of the works of another patriot whose writings inspire her fellow-countrymen in Norway.

The Nazi decree has fallen on the novelist Sigrid Undset, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1928 for her powerful studies of Scandinavian life in the Middle Ages. Her crime has been the support of King Haakon and his Government, and her voluntary exile to America. The Quislings regard her works as injurious to a sound nationalist attitude, and so they have been placed on the Hitler Index of forbidden things. Of all the things the Barbarians cannot endure a patriot is the first.

Three Days' Work

Six York schoolboys have just done something to help. Instead of idling away a brief holiday they bent their backs and toiled in the open air hour after hour; and but for them a great field of sugar-beet might easily have been unharvested at this moment. Pulling sugar-beet is a man's work, and hard work at that; but these lads cleared the field in three days.

Six Boys of Eyam

Six boys, none older than seven, have been cutting bracken on the Derbyshire moors at Eyam, drying it, and selling it as stuffing for shelter cushions, the money being given to the Red Cross. Eyam was, of course, the village which sacrificed itself for England's sake during the Plague, and these boys are carrying on in the old tradition.

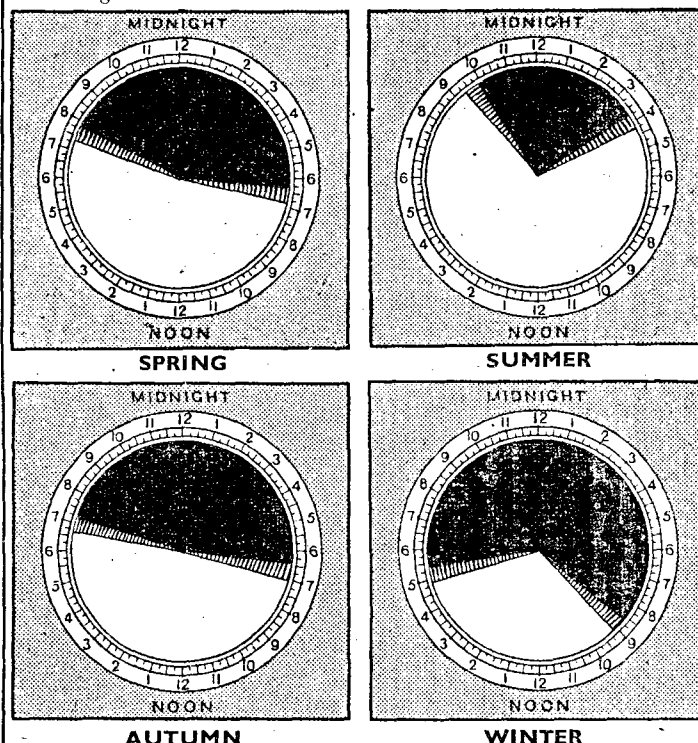
Summer Time is Winter Time

MUCH water has flowed under the bridges and much sunshine has passed over the forests since William Willett was riding on horseback at Chislehurst thinking out Daylight Saving.

Many MPs have come and gone since the House of Commons used to laugh at it (as most of us did), and millions of cows have given us their milk since the farmers declared that cows would strike and hens would refuse to lay their eggs.

Now we all love Daylight Saving, and it is good to know that we are

to carry on with it through the winter, so that it is no more Summer Time but Winter Time too. It will never be dark before 5.20—a very great advantage. We may hope that it will lead to a thorough investigation of the possibility of altering the clock to give us permanently the fullest measure of daylight all the year round. Never has been known a greater triumph than William Willett's, who died without seeing his dream realised, though with the faith that it would come true.



These diagrams show how daylight and darkness vary with the seasons, sunrise and sunset being given in Summer Time for the four Quarter Days

Uranus at His Nearest to Us STRANGE CONDITIONS ON A WEIRD WORLD

THE early morning sky (writes the C.N. Astronomer) is still adorned with the brilliant Venus, which, high in the south-east sky, may now be seen a little way above the first-magnitude star Spica. Venus is rapidly receding from us and speeding eastwards, so that she will soon pass Spica. At present Venus is about 112 million miles away, but in a fortnight's time she will have travelled to about 120 million miles; so Venus is leaving us at the rate of over half-a-million miles a day. Consequently Venus is slowly diminishing in brightness, but will remain for some months a glorious object in the morning sky.

Low in the south-east sky, and almost between Venus and the point where the Sun will rise, the golden Mercury may now be glimpsed, as he rises an hour and a quarter before the Sun, but during the following two weeks Mercury will rise nearly two hours before the Sun. So in a clear sky he should easily be seen, between 7 and 8 o'clock being the best time to look and somewhat to the right of an imaginary line drawn from Venus to sunrise point.

The much fainter Mars may also be seen before 7.30, and not far from this line, Mars being about one-third of the way from Venus toward Mercury. Venus appears to be rapidly approaching the second-magnitude Mars, and on December 2 will appear to pass a little way below him. Thus the early morning sky is very interesting.

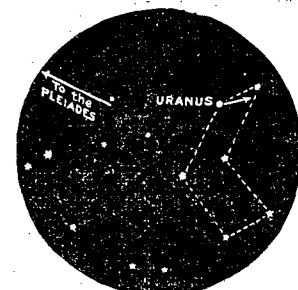
Stellar Glories

In the evening stellar glories can be seen approaching from the east to add to the charm of Jupiter and Saturn near together in the south-east. Foremost are the Pleiades, and appearing near them is the mysterious world of Uranus. He will be at his nearest to us on Saturday, November 16, when he will be 1725 million miles away. Uranus is only just visible to the naked eye on a very clear and dark night; glasses will therefore be a great help when one knows just where to look.

The star-map in the C.N. for October 5 shows the planet's position relative to the Pleiades, which are away to the east of Jupiter and Saturn, so the locality of Uranus is easily found. He is now curiously placed in relation to five stars which appear of similar brightness to Uranus, that is sixth

magnitude. Even opera-glasses will show them with Uranus quite clearly when the Moon is absent, and as shown in the map below.

Compared with the stars, a greenish tinge may be seen in the reflected sunlight from this mysterious world when sufficiently magnified, while, seen through a telescope, Uranus is found to be belted with greenish clouds. The spectroscope reveals that this results from the planet's atmosphere possessing a gaseous element unknown on Earth.



The present position of Uranus amid the faint stars of fifth to seventh magnitude, as seen in the field of view of glasses. The arrow indicates the planet's motion for a fortnight

One wonders what effect this must have on the development of any possible life on that dim twilight world, where the Sun appears only as a super-brilliant star and bestows, on an average, 368 times less light and heat on Uranus than over a corresponding area of our world. With its vast surface fifteen times greater than the Earth's, one wonders what weird conditions must exist, but, remembering what marvellous living beings manage to flourish in the dark depths of our oceans, we are impelled to feel that many things beyond our conception are possible on Uranus. One wonders also if any possible Uranians ever get a peep through that immense cloud canopy at the glorious Universe beyond, such as we are blessed with observing.

Uranus is also a world of singular seasons of enormous length, resulting from its very long year, which amounts to 84 of our years and 8 days; so were its days as long as ours there would be over 30,000 in a Uranian year, but as they are only about 10½ hours long we see that 65,000 days must compose a year on Uranus. What a length of life an octogenarian would have on that remote world! G. F. M.

Who Will Help to Build This Mountain of Mites?

MOST of us have read in the papers that the Dean of Bocking in Essex has had the good idea of raising a million old coins to help the Red Cross.

It seems a stupendous thing to do, and we ourselves should have thought it next to impossible, but the dean is made in the heroic mould and marches from victory to victory.

He now writes to us about a new idea that has come to him. Not many of us have collections of old coins to send, but every reader of the C.N. has one or two coins jingling in his pocket that he could spare for the Red Cross. The dean's idea is that even the smallest child can help this greatest cause, and so he has set himself the mighty task of collecting a million farthings.

This is where the C.N. can come in, for every one of us can beg odd farthings from our friends, young

or old, and keep them till there are enough to make a pound. That will be 960 farthings; and to save the cost of posting these you can change them for a pound (perhaps at one of the stores which use farthings) and send a postal order to the Dean of Bocking, at Braintree, Essex. Sending a parcel of farthings, which would have to be registered, is a waste of postage, but to send a postal order is easy.

What a mountain of mites it will be when the farthings are all piled up, and for the Red Cross it will mean a thousand pounds!

One word, dear C.N. readers. Do not trouble the dean with too much correspondence, for he has already made 7000 acknowledgments in two months, and it is a big business and a great expense.

So now, children, a million farthings for the good Dean of Bocking and the Red Cross.

THE MOST LIVING PART OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE

The River For Ever Coming and Going Yet Always Here

WHEN the fight for a quiet life is over and won we shall love more than ever the beauty of our tranquil countryside, and how lovely it will be to sit again on a river bank, watching the water gliding to the sea!

We think too little of our rivers; it has never occurred to the Government even to make a list of them, and nobody can tell us all their names. It would surely be a useful thing to make a census of them, with all their quaint and lovely names, and to put on record where they run, how long they are, and what they pass on their way to the sea. Perhaps the Government will see to it when the war is over; so far the only list worth looking at is in the Children's Encyclopedia, which gives all our English rivers five miles long or more.

Well worth thinking about they are, these thousands of waterways.

RIVERS are the most living part of the earth's surface. They are always coming and going, yet they for ever remain.

To their courses they attract in all lands the greater part of animate life, man and beast. They are the easiest natural pathways into the masses of the land. More than any other agency working since the solid lands were formed and upheaved they have moulded the earth's surface into the hills and valleys and plains—they and the rains that have given them birth.

For incalculable centuries older rivers than we know seamed and denuded vanished ranges of mountains and hills, under climates we have not experienced, ever making a new earth in comparison with the long past. And as long as the atmosphere around the earth remains what it has been and is,

with its winds and its rain, the mountains, hills, and plains will intercept a cloud's discharge and gather it into rills and becks and brooks that will flow down to make rivers and reach the sea. The lofty mountains will store waters in their snows and glaciers, the lower wooded hills and verdant plains will store them in underground springs, and the rivers will be fed perpetually to do their work.

The lofty, massive, and stubborn mountains impress us by their grandeur and aloofness, but the smoothly flowing river in its ordinary mood is a gentle, familiar thing. Its wild beginning, leaping down the mountainside, is typical of the tireless vivacity of exuberant youth, and even when it has reached the foothills its gladness has a merry note. As it broadens over the plain it has a sober

dignity that makes a personal appeal, and if at the end of its career it becomes besmirched by human use of it we feel for it a rueful respect.

Yes, a river is a very personal thing, so capable of exciting love that men have been known to grow quarrelsome about the respective merits of their favourite streams. We see it with delight as a part of today, but it is far more than that, more than all the changeful things we see around us.

The ancient castles crumble, the old oak dies, the field becomes a street, the little lane grows into a great road, but the river does not pass; it comes from untold ages before man set up his landmarks in the valley, and it remains. Its perpetual flow and the floods of its tempestuous moods have carved out the valley itself and strewn its floor with fertile soil, and it will go on to far distant futures unguessed at.

From Source to Sea

Let us trace a river from source to sea and note some features of its work and its adventures.

The English rivers are small; the basin of the Thames is 5244 square miles and that of the Amazon is 2,250,000 square miles; but in our island, though on a small scale, nearly every type of river formation can be found.

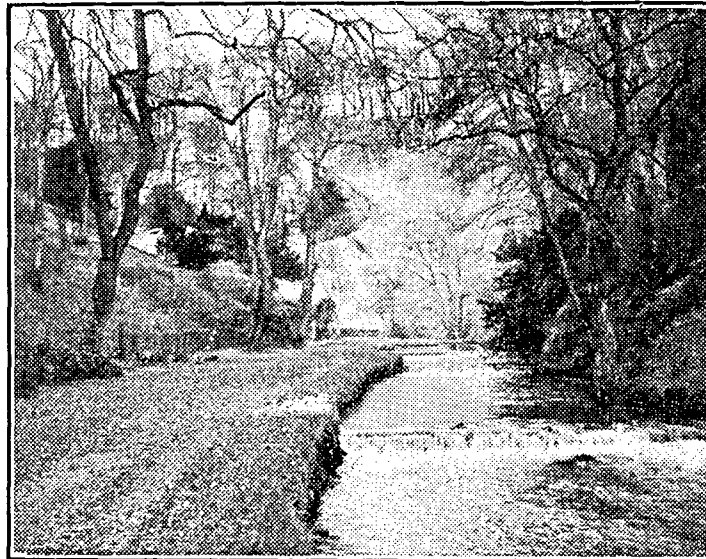
The English rivers have their sources at elevations of from 200 to 2000 feet, the smaller height being only that of little tributary sources round the lower courses of streams nearing the sea. The chief functions of rivers are the disintegration of the surfaces of hills and the transporting of their contents, either by their propulsion or through chemical action, and the spreading of their burden on lower lands in the valleys which the rivers are perpetually sinking, or on the seashores, so extending the area of the level land. So the rivers fertilise, drain, and add to the lands through which they flow.

Where the Floods Gather Power

But it is not as an immediate benefactor that the river always runs its course appointed by gradient and free passage. Storms on the hills are sudden and fierce, and the swift power of deep water on a steep gradient is amazing. The rill, the beck, the brook, the river, working beneficently in a normal way, may be changed in a few minutes or hours into a frenzied enemy, trenching and rending the mountainside, choking the narrow parts of the upper valley, and inundating wide stretches of the more verdant lands below. Job knew:

Surely the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place; the waters wear the stones; thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth; and thou destroyest the hope of man.

It is on the hills that the floods gather their power, and the storms wildly supplement



The enchanting waters of the River Dove in Beresford Dale, Staffordshire

the slow engineering strength of the rivers as, century by century, they scoop out the valleys, and "waste huge stones with little waterdrops."

But it is up in the hills where many lovers of the open world love best to meet the rivers, tracing their earliest trickles from wells on the hillside, or down gullies that are mostly bare, to where there is shelter and the woods begin, and the hollow becomes a glen and the stream a beck, with the more open dale waiting below. Here, when the storms are not tempestuous but the hills are saturated with moisture, the air is full of the music of running waters.

It is in the nearest vale to these hills which, sponge-like, collect pure waters that the water engineers of the densely-peopled cities construct their reservoirs. A most excellent thing is this making of artificial lakes in the hills. Natural lakes serve, in a few places, as a curb on Nature's extravagant and destructive waste of water in floods. They hold back the storm-waters till they are full, and then serve it out more steadily than the river can. The fewness of natural lakes makes it the more necessary to impound all suitable high waters under control in reservoirs, and so feed the flood waters into the river beds.

Beauty in the Valleys

Not on the high hills do people search for beauty in large numbers. Indeed, the most attractive part of a river's course is usually where the stream reaches the vale down which it will become pastoral. There its waterfalls will most likely be found.

Bridges and mills were for many centuries the things of most practical importance along any stream. The mill was a matter of concern for everybody in a valley, and the repair of bridges was one of the earliest of public duties.

The general improvement in roads and the vast increase of wheel traffic create danger of extinction for the fine old type of highway bridge. Granting that the old rural bridge was too high-pitched and sudden in its ascent and too narrow for modern

requirements, and that it ought to be superseded in many instances, still it ought never to be obliterated. From the many-arched bridges over broad and shallow streams liable to floods to the quaint single-arched bridges over minor streams and the low-sided single-file bridges over streams crossed by pack-horse tracks, all should be preserved as a duty to our ancestors and our successors, fragments of history.

Of course, no English streams are navigable in the upper parts of their courses. They are too swift and shallow. But in their middle courses some have stretches that admit of boating, or become canalised for barge traffic, and many have tidal waters in their lower reaches, with estuaries that admit of steamboat traffic, and a few with superb seagoing shipping and the accompaniment of great industries.

The Men Who Know Our Rivers

No country can boast of a more complete and varied river system, representing nearly every kind of river formation. And yet, somewhat strangely, no authority has counted them, or knows all their names. There is no Government office that concerns itself broadly with them all, though there are local drainage and conservancy boards. Nobody has busied himself with the problem of duplicated, triplicated, and quadrupled names for rivers.

Probably the most intimate knowledge of our rivers is possessed by the quiet race of fishermen who know how to keep a still tongue about the streams where fish do most abound. They frequent the loveliest parts of the most remote little tributaries, and the Teify is as familiar to them as the Thames.

Whoever has an ambition to know his own land should know its rivers. They are the veins of its life in a more subtle way than the roads are. The part they have played in the past may be surmised from the fact that very largely they form boundaries in nearly all counties, and still their valleys are the true centres of rural life.

BEDTIME CORNER

THE LITTLE HELPERS



3. Betty knits comforts for the troops

O Bonny Moon

O BONNY, bonny moon, I can see you where I lie, Are you playing Hide and Seek with the stars up in the sky? I wish that I was older with a playmate of my own, For they've sent me off to bed, and left me all alone.

I long to come and see you in a chariot made of light, For, O, it must be lovely, on a clear and starlight night; But I must stay in England, shut in by window bars, And I know it is a long way to reach the moon and stars.

Now another cloud is coming, and you hide your shining face; Is it very cold and lonely so far out there in space? Now again you're looking at me, with eyes that open wide, O, bonny moon, pray tell me what you're like the other side! E. E. Truett

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN

Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee and the other a publican.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: *God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess.*

And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, *God be merciful to me a sinner.*

Be at my side through this dark night, O Lord. Give me good courage. Help me to remember that the everlasting arms are about me, and that angels guard me. Be with all whom I love and all who love me, and bring us safely to another day. Amen

THE BRAN TUB

AN EXAMINATION

"GIVE some of the properties of familiar metals," said a question in an examination, and one candidate wrote:

Lead sinks, gold rings, copper coils, brass bowls, iron pipes, and tin cans.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Venus is in the south-east, and Mercury and Mars are low in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 p.m. on Sunday, November 17.



The Lonely City

ONE of the most isolated cities in the world is the city of Manaus in Brazil, on the Rio Negro, not far from the spot where this river runs into the Amazon.

The nearest community to Manaus is 1000 miles distant. Notwithstanding this isolation Manaus enjoys every modern amenity: gas, electricity, cinemas, theatres, and the telephone. But alligators and wild beasts abound as soon as one leaves the city behind.

BUSY

WHEN old Temptation sidles up To work your ruin, Just greet him with the simple words, "There's nothin' doin'!"

But if he stays, and seeks to shake Your faith with doubt, Don't waste his time or yours; get up And kick him out.

Do You Live at Lowestoft?

IN Domesday Book this name is spelt Lothwistoft, and the meaning is the toft, or field, of Hlothewig, a personal name, which is really the same as that of the famous king of the Franks, Chlodwig, whose name developed into the modern German Ludwig and the French Louis.

Who Hlothewig, who owned land at Lowestoft, was we do not know.

A Chinese Rhyme

TEACH your son a trade before he's twenty, Whatso'er his powers. Plant your fields with rice and beans a-plenty—Not too many flowers.

How Mark Twain Wrote His Name

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, printer, Mississippi pilot, miner, editor, traveller, lecturer, and writer, became world famous as a humorist under the pen-name of Mark Twain. To thousands of English readers he stands as the typical American, and several of his sayings have become current coin wherever the English language is spoken. He was born in 1835 and died in 1910. This is how he wrote his name:

Mark Twain

Watching the Watch

THIS couplet was written by the author on hearing of a friend having his pocket picked: He that a watch would carry, this must do: Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

A Money-Maker

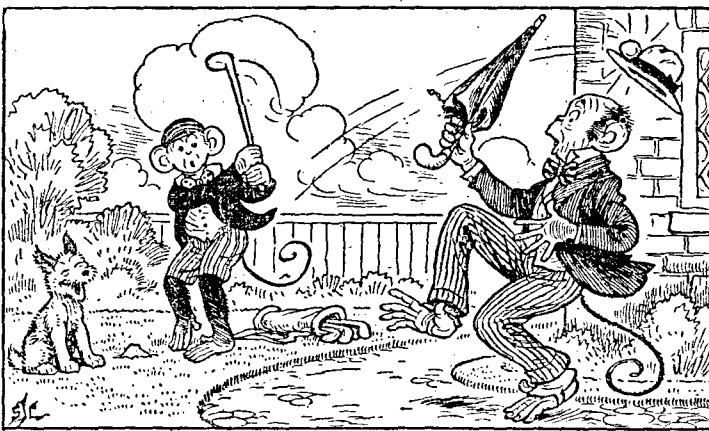
"If my plumes sell for gold, as folks say, Tis a proof that I work for high pay; So I certainly ought," Was the ostrich's thought, "To be getting ostricher each day!"

THE TALKING LEAF

A NOTED American wag and beau of the 18th century, who always signed his name A. More, was invited to dinner at Mount Vernon by Mrs Washington.

The rest of the company arrived, but no Mr More, and, knowing his queer ways, the hostess did not wait for him. Later in the evening a message was brought from the missing guest, and on opening the envelope Mrs Washington found no note, but only a sycamore leaf. She soon interpreted this as the message, "Sick—A. More."

Jacko Takes a Whack



Jacko looked at Father's golf bag lying on the lawn. He picked up a club, teed up Bouncer's ball, and swung at it. The ball flew off—straight for Father Jacko, who had suddenly appeared on the scene, slapped bang into his hat, and sent it spinning into the air.

A Pied Proverb

CAN you find out what popular proverb can be made up by using all these letters:

a b d e e f i i n n o o
p p r r r s s t t u w

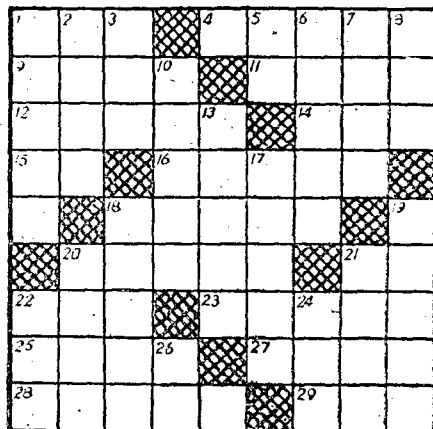
Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Problem. The fire was alight 15 hours a day. For 15 hours the clock lost three seconds an hour, or 45 in all, and for the remaining nine hours it gained five seconds an hour, or 45 seconds, which neutralised the 45 seconds lost.

Poser. Salisbury, Rhodesia
Mysterious Numeral. One, none

Half-Hour Cross Word



Asterisk indicates an abbreviation. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1 Representation on paper of a country's surface. 4 One who receives payment. 9 Again. 11 To make known. 12 In Scotland the daisy is this. 14 Demand. 15 A preposition. 16 The furze. 13 Heavenly body having a tail. 20 Coming last. 21 A pronoun. 22 A wand. 23 A smartly-dressed man. 25 Tract. 27 A high-pitched shout. 28 Microbes. 29 Very small.

Reading Down. 1 Witchcraft. 2 Soon. 3 A church bench. 5 Suggests approximate position. 6 This makes the bread rise. 7 Besides. 8 A big deer. 10 Heavy four-wheeled vehicle. 13 A wanderer. 17 This reinforces a long-distance telegraph message. 18 A drink made from apples. 19 Fashion. 20 Situated in front. 21 Lazy. 22 Frayed piece of woven material. 24 Fresh. 26 Morning.

Ici on Parle Français

A Ball of String

What is probably the biggest ball of string in the world is to be seen in America. It contains over five miles of twine, measures eight feet round, and weighs ninety pounds.

It was made as an object-lesson to show the enormous amount of string wasted in an American drug store. The manager, wishing to bring this home to the assistants, collected all the pieces of twine cut off and thrown away when parcels were done up.

He found that these when joined together ran to several hundred feet a day, and he started to make a big ball of waste twine, which grew to five miles in length in about eight weeks.

Un Peloton de Ficelle

Ce qui est probablement le plus gros peloton de ficelle du monde se trouve en Amérique. Il contient plus de cinq milles de ficelle, a huit pieds de circonférence, et pèse quatre-vingt-dix livres.

Il a été fait pour servir de leçon de choses et pour marquer l'énorme quantité de ficelle gaspillée dans une droguerie américaine. Le gérant, qui voulait démontrer ce fait à ses commis, releva tous les bouts de ficelle coupés et jetés de côté pendant qu'on faisait les paquets.

Il découvrit que ces bouts de ficelle, attachés ensemble, atteignaient une longueur de plusieurs centaines de pieds par jour, et il se mit à faire un gros peloton de ces déchets, cinq milles en huit semaines environ.

John O'London Calling

In these days the phrase "The King's England" takes on a new significance. Do you know the series of that name, edited by Arthur Mee? It covers this land of ours county by county, telling over its heritage of old and beautiful and interesting things. The last book to be added is Buckinghamshire, more complete than any "guide" could possibly be, and fascinating reading. Find out if your county has been dealt with in one of these books.

These shall show thee treasure hid Thy familiar fields amid.

John O'London's Weekly

Plastic Helmets

Before long we may see plastic helmets in the streets.

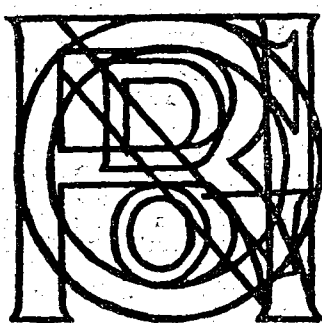
Steel is more precious now than ever, and the manufacture of steel helmets for ARP and other workers is almost out of the question. But no one need worry, for a wonderful new plastic material has been invented, and helmets made of it are splinter-proof. Men's helmets are to be green, and helmets for women are to be covered with various shades of felt.

A Danish Invasion

There has been another Danish invasion.

Though a thousand years have gone since the Danes plundered our coast, two landed on our shores a few days ago. They had risked their lives to cross the North Sea in an open boat only 20 feet long; and on arriving safe at Bridlington they seemed thankful to set foot in a land where freedom still reigns.

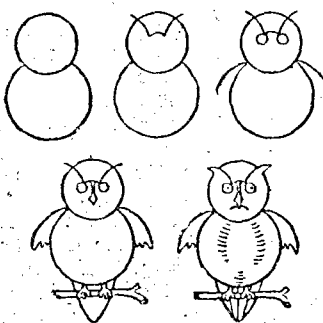
PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



This monogram is composed of the letters in the name of a great British soldier

Answer next week

HOW TO DRAW AN OWL FROM TWO CIRCLES, USING A PENNY & A SIXPENCE



What is wrong?
Answer next week



A SIEGE OF HERONS



A CAST OF HAWKS



A BUILDING OF ROOKS



A WATCH OF NIGHTINGALES

QUEER WORDS FOR GROUPS OF BIRDS

WS 64

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